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# BALL

vol.3  
no.1

all new • thrilling stories  
humor • vivid color splits!



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# HIGHball

*believes that girls were made for men. We have searched for the prettiest, teasingest girls we can find. Our girls are wild, and exciting. Each of them is very much alive—day and night!*

*So sit down and relax with them all to greet you. Forget the nags and the worries. Ease off from the rest of the world—escape into this good company.*

*Take time off for all of this. Be yourself for a while—with our girls. It is a way of escape from that world of pressure. Get into a good loafing attitude to browse on shape, beauty and form. Let the rest of the world go wait.*

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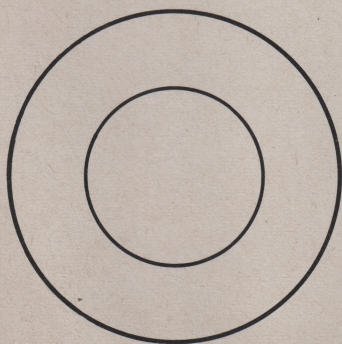
**LADY**

**MADONNA**





Lady  
Madonna  
with  
body  
so  
sweet...  
perhaps  
we can  
manage  
to  
make  
our  
ends  
Meet.





















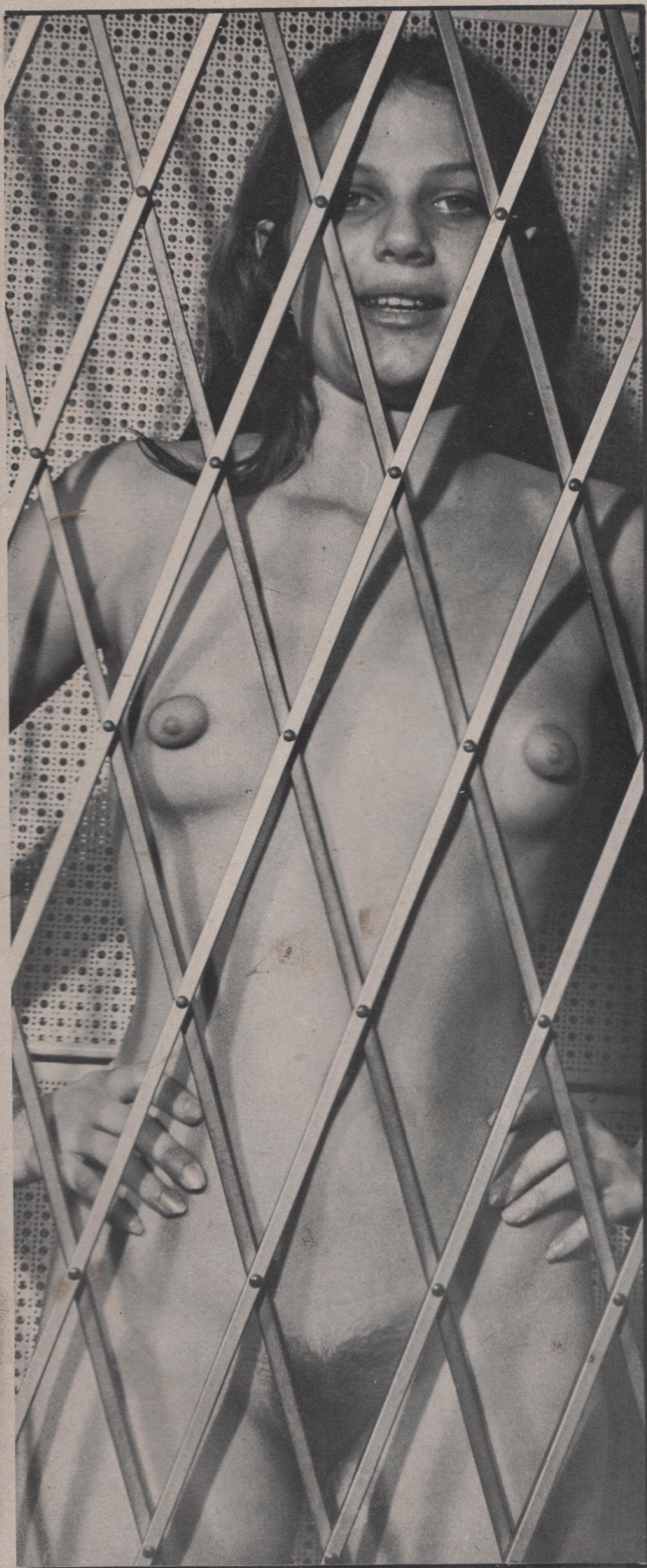




# naked believer















**"IF A PERSON IS UPTIGHT ABOUT  
BEING NAKED—THEY'RE GOING TO  
BE UPTIGHT ABOUT SEX, TOO. AND  
THAT'S CHEATING SOMEONE!"**





BABY, I WASN'T BORN WEARING A BRA AND PANTIES! I DON'T THINK I SHOULD HAVE TO WEAR THEM NOW, JUST BECAUSE A LONG TIME AGO SOME NATIVES THOUGHT IT KEPT AWAY EVIL SPIRITS—CLOTHES, THAT IS!"



**"SURE, CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO  
GODLINESS. ASK LEVER BROTHERS!  
BUT SO IS NAKEDNESS, WHEN YOU  
THINK ABOUT IT!"**















VIKKI

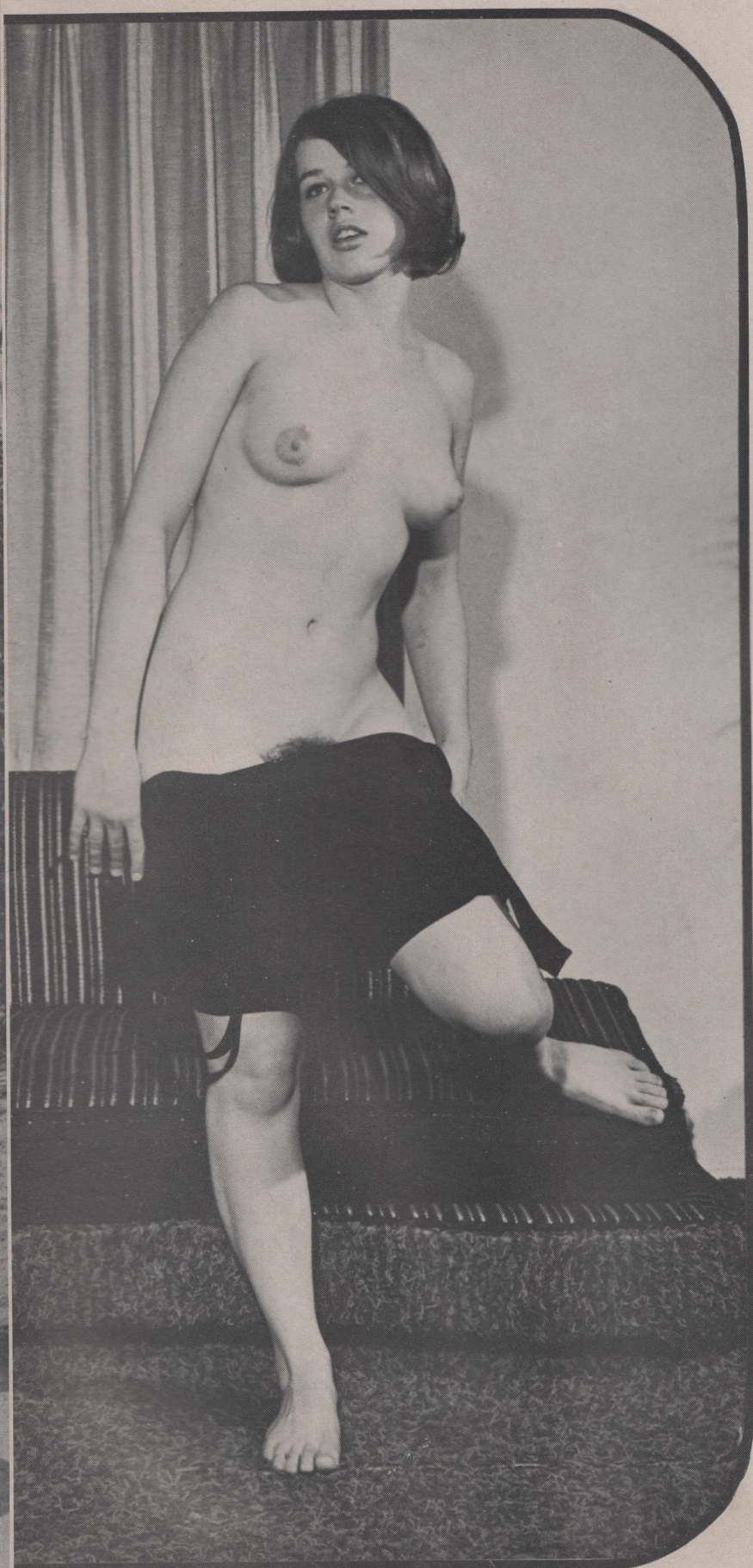












To push through, out into the bright world of free air and rolling movement, Vikki had to tense herself to be hurt. But everything gave way suddenly, and Vikki was there, all prepared for wild pleasure.

To press upwards, to stand erect and climb onto the other side of this wall, this was all needed; Vikki found it made.

And there is a moment of regret for the fabric to have been so badly torn. Vikki felt the damage thoughtfully.

To rise out of the tear, and be happy. This is what Vikki had been looking forward to for so long.

Now it's torn; that is it! Vikki can step forward into a new life, a free life of her own choice and enjoyment.

Oh, for the days of innocence, when all was fixed, secure, pure sunlight and simple, quiet words. All torn to shreds and gone to yesterday's dreams.



















# Mad as Hatters













"RIGHT NOW I AM WRITING A THING  
I WILL CALL 'THE CLIMAX!'"











**"SOMETIMES I GET  
SO INVOLVED IN  
THE RESEARCH,  
I CAN'T FINISH  
OFF THE PIECE!"**



















# CAGE OF CORK

By  
J. L. Kullinger

The building . . . .

Driving the Miracle Mile west, he could see her forty blocks out, gleaming virginal white under the California sun. She stood tall and grand, like a beauty contestant who'd bedded the judges and knew she had won it.

But sometimes — when the Beverly Hills sky lay low and cool, he saw her proud stance become the bored posture of a waiting prostitute.

Today though, the Doctors Medical Center looked shimmering and warm in the distance, inviting his entry.







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He had thought about the building and her different facades since leasing and remodeling one of her suites a year ago. She was his secret monument to those previous patients who had given him so much and had needed so little for support of their respective egos and ids. In return for the symbol, the building had provided a new clientele. More monied. Wearing costlier underwear. And sometimes he speculated on the validity of that conjecture.

He swung off Wilshire, guiding the steel blue Mercedes into the parking lot and leaving it for the attendant. He crossed to the building, heavy on his feet like most stocky men. The tinge of gray along his temples lent him an experienced, worldly look which for certain personality types invited confidence and confidences. As he stepped into the building lobby he fingered a stubby object in his trousers pocket.

He left the elevator on five, and walked to the suite where gold leafing on the door read: Leo Maddox, Doctor of Psychiatry. His secretary-receptionist, a brown-haired and colorless woman in her late thirties looked up as he entered. She'd been with him a month, giving her two months to go. Maddox never allowed an employee to remain longer than three months, for he felt they became too relaxed in their duties. But this was a policy no girl learned until her ninetieth day.

"You have an appointment with Miss Lynn at four, doctor..." she said.

"Thank you," he remarked, thinking no one knew it better than himself. He crossed the thick Bigelow rug to his private office, entered, closed the door behind him. The paneling was cherry-



wood surrounding a sand-colored rug on three sides. The fourth wall was louvered glass. Above, the ceiling was of natural cork, similar to the rug in shade. The atmosphere was cloistered. Some said womblike, whispering of confinement. But along the walls were oils of Parisian street scenes in the slapdash styling of Legendre and Roulet. Vivid reds and yellows. The frames were chromed, and contrasted sharply with the wood paneling, like a view from a warm, dusky interior upon a street fiesta somewhere beyond the range of sound. It was the effect he'd demanded of the decorator.

He moved down the room to his desk, beside which was the soft, green leather couch. He frowned at his watch, thinking now of Miss Lynn and her session but 20 minutes away. Goddam those monthly association meetings anyway, he thought.

He leaned back in the swivel chair knowing there was really no point in reviewing Miss Lynn's transcript of sessions past. He needed that like a third nostril. Had that sexpot been out of his mind since he'd started with her? Yet he was certain that she had not once penetrated his attitude of clinical detachment, although he had watched her try more than once — especially recently when right on his contrived schedule she had begun to make transference — and he knew then he could have her when he wanted.

Maddox's mind could dart through every one of her thirty-seven therapy sessions. The ones where she lay like a cat on the couch, her twin thirty-sixes pushing boldly against the expensive cashmere, or against the tailored blouse. And those slate-gray eyes and petulant, child-like and spoiled full lips. Always those. Or when she was in the chair. Then the overpowering draw was the long, tapering, nylon-encased legs impudently crossed, and her blonde, glossy hair making the shiny descent to the shoulders while framing the face.

He felt his body tense. He ran a hand along his jawline where a muscle jumped as he thought

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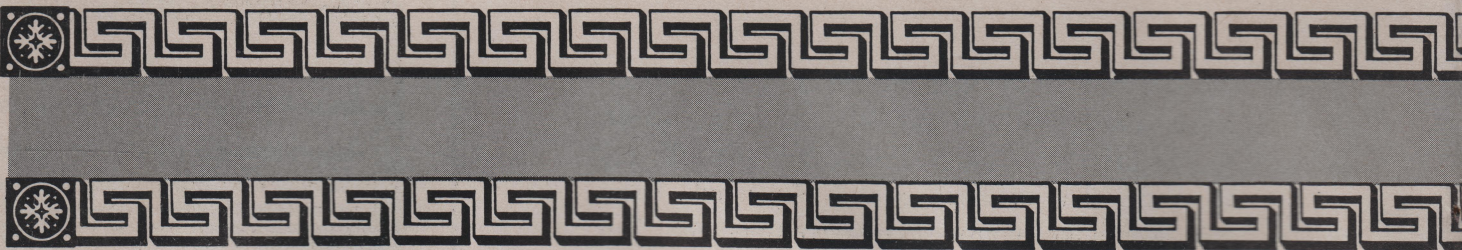
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of the then and the now of her behavioral pattern along the approximate 1,850 total minutes of his applied therapy, and it was like inspecting a superimposure.

She had come to him as 5'5" of harnessed sexual energy that couldn't slip the harness. She'd come thinking the most impressive symptom of her neurosis was her attacks of anxiety, never once realizing the truly diagnostic symptom was her virginity. Hell!

At first he had regarded her as merely another of the female anxiety-neurotics supporting his theory that the better looking the subject, the more acute the anxiety syndrome. He'd explained the theory to colleagues, and had submitted a paper on it. As he'd said, — "Superior appearing women are often overly serious about themselves because they become more prized, more sought after in society. With the feeling of having more to offer, comes a feeling of having more to lose. For the neurotic, this may result in a more tense grip on the emotions — until the grip becomes a frozen clutch, and they can't let themselves go even when they want to

"And," Maddox would always add, "it explains why goodlooking broads are frequently the louisiest lays . . ."

As a result of the therapy, Maddox had watched Miss Lynn respond dramatically. From withdrawn, she had become gregarious, and during this process she had not only slipped her self-made harness, if the rumors he had heard were correct, she'd evidently trampled that harness in her stampede. . . .

He'd heard she was now regarded by the Sunset Strip studs as the fastest filly in the Friday

night fleet, hot to trot at the flick of an eyelid. It had angered him, as though a wind-up doll he'd made by hand had been stolen by unworthy strangers. Her behavior, he knew, was merely compensation for the years of non-participation, and it was now about to be replaced by a phase of far greater personal interest to himself. . . .

He smiled, thinking of this new phase, and the role it allowed him. "Role" was the word she'd like, but of course she'd never know, damn her. At the start of their sessions, Miss Lynn had several television credits and one or two "B" movie roles. But with the upbeat of her social-sexual exposures, she'd been re-discovered by the studios as well as the studs. He'd heard she was enroute to becoming the most sought after newcomer on the sets as well as the sack.

Now he glared at his watch, vaguely feeling his pulse quicken. If his prediction proved accurate, the clock would come full turn within the next fifty-five minutes.

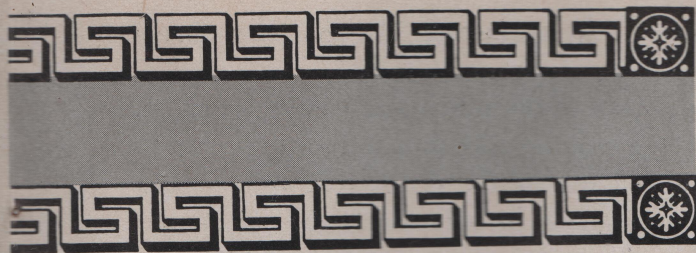
Casually he felt the cylindrical object in his pocket, enjoying the sense of power it provided. . .

The inter-office Com winked, and Maddox flipped the switch. The voice announced the arrival of Miss Lynn.

"Have her come in."

The door opened and Hollywood's currently most sought after young actress came into the room. As usual of late, it was more an entrance than an entry, Maddox noted. His eyes flicked over her black, tailored blouse, noting the contrast with the shoulder-length blonde hair, the tight, yellow skirt hugging her smooth, lithe hips. Her walk toward him had the infuriating poise of a cougar.





Maddox smiled thinly, realizing that in her way she was a cat — and he her prey. Her look was pensive as she dropped casually into the chair beside his desk and crossed the slender legs in a flash of golden nylon, all the while watching him speculatively.

"How has it been going since our last time, Miss Lynn?" he began. She yawned elaborately.

"I believe I may have fallen in love," she announced in the tone generally used to suggest it might rain tomorrow.

"Oh? Suppose you tell me about it — if you care to," replied Maddox, thinking it was going to be a fast track indeed.

She thought for a moment. "He isn't anything like the one I've been seeing for the past few months," she began.

"In what regard might that be, Miss Lynn?" He saw she was going to play with it, and it was a familiar game.

"More substance. More depth. Maybe you could call it understanding..." She removed a cigarette from the tray on the desk, and Maddox's eyes found their way to the taut smoothness of her skirt along her thighs. Now he watched the quick, youthful hands return the lighter to the tray.

"How do you know it's love?" he encouraged. She smiled, exhaling the gray-blue smoke.

"I don't, really," she smiled. "But for now it will do!"

Maddox found himself marveling at the damnable coolness and self-possession of her. It nettled him and he tried not to show it. She was studying her cigarette, and he sensed she was taking cues from him. He dropped his hand into his pocket, fingers encircling the object there.

"Well, Miss Lynn... is your love object receptive to your feelings?" Now he withdrew his hand, holding the object near his lap, out of her sight.

"I'm really not certain... but he could be..." She looked closely at Maddox who appeared to be staring thoughtfully downward, as though in concentration.

"That, Miss Lynn, sounds none too committal..." he trailed off. The cylindrical object was made of two cork chips the size of two checkers. An array of common pins joined them to make a circular, miniature jail with the pins as bars.

Inside was a housefly vainly attempting to wedge his body between the too-close pins. Maddox watched the thwarted fly intently.

"No, I suppose it doesn't," her voice was saying. Maddox detected an impatient edge in its tone. He looked up.

"The love object, as you call it Dr. Maddox, is you."

There it was, and as simple as that. The feeling was as good as he had anticipated. Like the quest for a needed and unobtainable delight presented for the taking after hope had gone.

He pulled slightly upward on one of the pin heads. The fly darted across the cork floor toward the movement of the pin. Maddox suppressed an urge to smile.

"It's merely a phase, Miss Lynn, just bear with it." He smiled at her patiently, knowing how this would hit.

"I intend bearing with it!" she retorted, her voice edged with displeasure at his apparent impassiveness.

"The phase, Miss Lynn, is called transference." His voice was smooth and bland, like a bored scholar addressing a junior seminar.

In this instance," he continued, "it would be safe to assume you are shifting to me the feeling you had once wanted to give your father. He, however, was a non-demonstrative, rendering your natural affections rejected..." Maddox paused. Yes, his voice had held just the right tone of aloofness.

"But I am afraid, Miss Lynn, that I am also beyond your reach." Let her mull that one over, the little bitch! Maddox watched her face for re-



action, but saw none. Now let's twist it, he told himself.

"... as I would be beyond the reach of anyone in a professional relationship of this nature," he added.

The feigned note of apology in his voice — as though he found the words painful and embarrassing — showed him he had sure as hell not lost his touch. He now lowered his eyes to avoid witnessing the hurt, but to more accurately observe the winged captive within its cage. Now he lifted the pin to a point an eighth of an inch from the cork floor. The fly started under the poised pin tip, first the head, then the minuscule neck. Maddox quickly depressed the pin tip against the fly's cuticle, its initial body surface. Then straight through this into the florax, and beyond and into the hypodermis just above the heart. A fraction of a millimeter more and he knew the haemocoel would be entered, the heart penetrated. Maddox stopped the pin's descent. He watched the impaled fly writhing on the point.

"I don't care what you want to call it, I'm calling it selection. And I've selected you!" Miss Lynn was saying.

Maddox glanced at her calmly. "... Beyond the reach of anyone," he repeated, tasting the anger toward her along his tongue.

"Really?" she inquired, and the way it came out was mocking and overly confident. Her eyes were regarding him calmly, and for a moment Maddox had a feeling of discomfort from her boldness. In its miniature cell, the fly's whirring wings were a blur along the impaled body.

Miss Lynn took a step from the chair, turning. When she turned back to face him, Maddox saw that her blouse was completely unbuttoned, revealing a half-bra with frothy lace.

She made a single, deft movement and now the blouse was beside her petite feet on the rug. He caught his breath, feeling his stomach tighten. The bra was but a shelf for the breasts, both of which were pink and cone-firm and rose-tipped, and pointing, it appeared, directly at him. He felt his throat constrict.

Again she did something with her hand and now the breasts were completely free, rising and falling sharply with her breathing. Her eyes were locked with his unwaveringly. He knew he had to say something. Anything.

"Miss Lynn," he began coolly, "I don't

think ..."

"Sherry," she corrected. "To you I am Sherry — or anything you want me to be."

She moved to the couch and paused beside it. He saw her tailored skirt drop to her spiked heels. She stepped out of the crisp, yellow linen and turned facing him in only the heels, nylons and panties with her monogram, and beneath, the outline of a black satin garter belt.

Dr. Maddox wallowed in dismay, wondering if she could hear his breathing, or read what was on his face. And as he gaped at the amazing beauty of her, the panties were being peeled downward along the smooth, golden legs, then dispatched toward the bra on the rug. Now the garter belt was an archway to the ultimate of her, and beside it, the only other thing she wore was a smile of complete and understandable self-confidence.

Maddox tore his eyes from her body and looked down. The fly's wings still whirled tirelessly within the cage of cork, the body twisting agonizingly.

"Come here, Dr. Maddox," the girl whispered. She was down on the couch watching him intently. He struggled again with an impulse within himself. He moved toward the couch, stopping just beyond her reach. He looked at the nude and tawny young body beneath his eyes. They probed and fondled her slowly while he struggled for control.

"You flatter me, Miss Lynn," he heard someone say, then with a shock, realized it was himself. "... and I've enjoyed it. I will hope to see you next week. Meanwhile, this session Miss Lynn, is over!"

For a long moment the girl stared upward at him in silence. Then, sitting upright, she retrieved her clothes and calmly began to dress. When she had finished, she wordlessly walked back down the room with the similar rug and ceiling. At the door she finally spoke.

"Next week at four O'Clock," she said, opening the door, then closing it after her. Maddox stared at the door, seeing her as though she were still there.

I can keep her dangling for weeks, he told himself. And maybe even longer!

He reached for the phone, dialed, waited until the party sought came on.

"Black blouse ... yellow skirt ... nylons, heels ..." The voice was terse, clipped as he spoke. He



waited, nodding. "... Black satin ... white. Tell her what to say!" Now Maddox hung up. He walked down to the office door. The secretary-receptionist looked up inquiringly.

"You may go for the day," he told her. He went back to his desk for the wait.

The girl's arrival was announced by a hesitant tap on the door.

"Come in!" Maddox called. The door opened and the girl came into the room. He noted it was more an entrance than an entry. His eyes flicked over her black, tailored blouse, noting its contrast with the blonde, shoulder-length hair, the tight, yellow skirt hugging the smooth, trim hips. He saw that her walk toward him had the infuriating poise of a cougar.

He smiled. "How's it been going?" he began. The girl's brown eyes were on him unwaveringly.

"I believe I love you," she said.

"Prove it, you bitch!" Maddox commanded.

The girl stood up from the chair and turned away. When she turned to face him, the blouse was falling to the rug. The half-bra jutted her breasts forward proudly, but suddenly they jiggled free and erect as the bra, too, dropped to the rug.

Maddox watched her calmly as she then stepped first from the yellow skirt — left in a pile — then from the lace panties. He watched her cross to the couch in only the black satin garter belt and the nylons and heels. He felt his breath coming fast.

"Come over here" she ordered, and her voice was harsh.

Maddox looked at his desk top where the fly was impaled in the cage he had made himself. He plunged the pin down, through the haemocael and into the heart. The cage was again closed. He walked slowly toward the couch.

The young prostitute's arms encircling him, pulling him downward into a warm vortex and engulfing him.

"No ..." Maddox whimpered, fighting again the combination of hate, need and fear he had always known and had never beaten.

"No ... no ... please" until she slapped him and he sobbed silently.

At that moment, from forty blocks out, she looked older and wise in the early evening neon.

The building....

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# BIKEY













Up the lonely Canyon Road, Colleen in front, you push the small motorcycle through it's most gruelling experiment. Steering is certainly hard tonight, in this position at least.

Pounding, pulsating, throbbing to each climax along the road, the cycle engine sets rhythm and vibration to your bodies.

"I just love the thrill of bouncing around on this narrow leather seat," Colleen confesses. And what a lovely lass you've chosen as your research assistant.

An unexpected curve: you're off the road. Grasping to each other — your frolic goes on — as the bike careens wildly through the fields. There's a wall ahead . . . at this speed, you've had it! But a gate opens, and, still clinging together, you bring the bike to a halt inside the nunnery.

After some cautious explanations, you both go home to her apartment . . . and the wig comes off! Now brunette Colleen and you can relax and do some less rigorous experimenting.















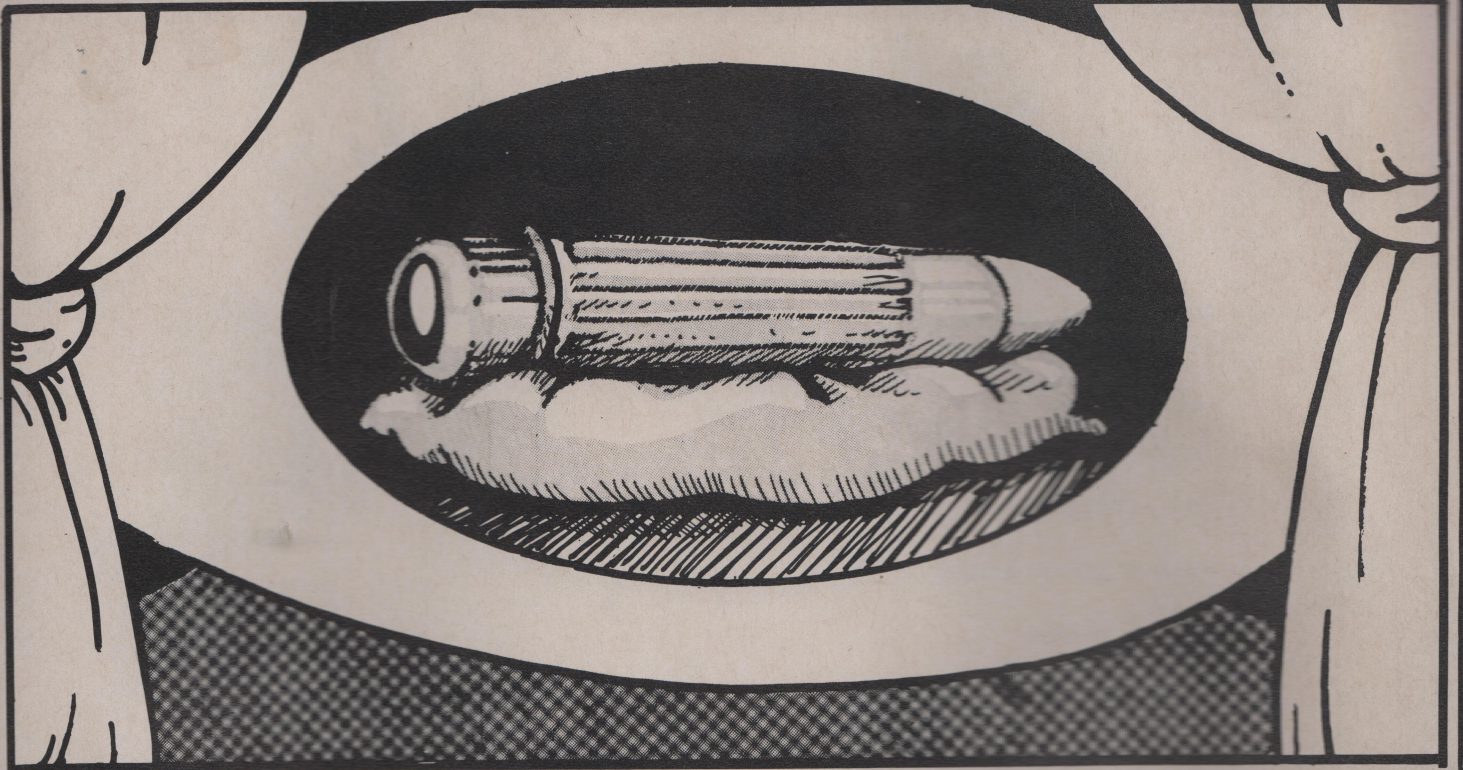












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# HIGH BALLS



Confucius say: Man just like blind tom cat in fish house . . . he can find it in the dark . . .

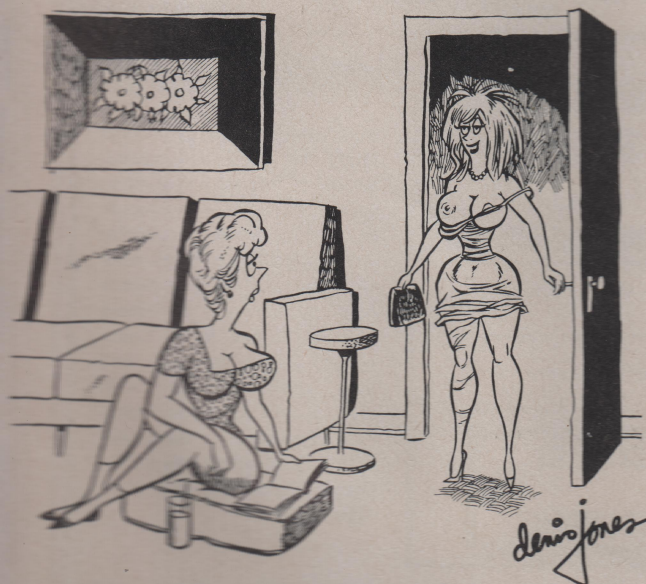
★ ★ ★

A busty young swinger named Whipples  
Fell in love with a golfer named Tipples.

To the gallery's delight  
They made quite a sight  
When he teed up his balls on her nipples!

★ ★ ★

After the couple had gone down to breakfast, the hotel maid found a \$5 bill pinned over a spot on the bed where the newlyweds had slept the night before. With the bill was a note which said, "SORRY!" After the maid rejuvenated the bed, she pinned another note on a pillow that said, "That's OK, come again!"



"He was an oil man from Texas, and tonight he sunk a new well!"

Expectant father . . . a man studying to be a priest . . .

★ ★ ★

Then there is the overweight beatnik who eats three squares a day.

★ ★ ★

Belle was sitting on the front stoop of her little New Orleans crib. "Hi, hustler," said a fellow as he walked by and Belle waved friendly like. "Hi, street walker," said another fellow as he walked by, and Belle answered affably. "Hi, street car," said a third fellow, and Belle got up and grabbed him, clawed and scratched until she practically put him in the hospital, and the policeman took her to jail. She explained to the judge, "He made me mad as hell . . . nobody rides me for fifteen cents!"

★ ★ ★

The Fairy Godmother warned Cinderella, "Child, remember, you MUST be home by midnight, or IT will turn into a pumpkin . . . so Cinderella dashed away to the ball and came in, humming a merry tune, at 3 A.M.! The Fairy Godmother cried, "What did Prince Charming do when it turned into a pumpkin?" And Cinderella, smiling, answered, "Dearest Fairy Godmother, I didn't go out with Prince Charming . . . I went out with Peter Peter Pumpkin Eater!"



"The Job is never finished until the paper work is done."

They had a sign in Jones' Meat Market, "OUR MEAT IS HARD TO BEAT" but one day the place caught fire and Old Man Jones grabbed his meat and beat it.

★ ★ ★

This useless character was hauled into court for living off of the proceeds of his wife's street-walking. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself!" cried the judge. "Well, I am a little sheepish about it," said the man, "but after all, judge she's too damned dumb to make a living any other way."





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Pa. — Modern couple N.W. Pa. very attractive, he 30, she 29 with classic statuesque figure wish to hear from couples for swinging weekends and parties. Can travel. Both licensed pilots. Will answer letters from anywhere with revealing photo and phone.



Ind. — Broadminded couple, both 37, wife Japanese, interested in fun and good times would like to exchange polaroid experience. Married couples only.



Cal. — Farm girl with beautiful figure would like to correspond with other broadminded single boys and girls.



Ind. — Shapely brunette desires frank corres. concerning exotic and daring. Couples and singles. I am very broadminded with unusual and exotic interests. Frank letter and unusual photo answered immediately.



N.Y. — Single attractive modern girl age 25, 5-6, 38-24-35 with sepia tones, would like to hear from other single girls and couples interested in all cultures, photography, nudism and letters. Write me for quick results. Send frank letter and photo. All answered.



Mass. — Handsome Negro married to white girl has her okay to meet exciting young girls single or married for the exotic and unusual. No couples please. Photo a must, will answer with same.



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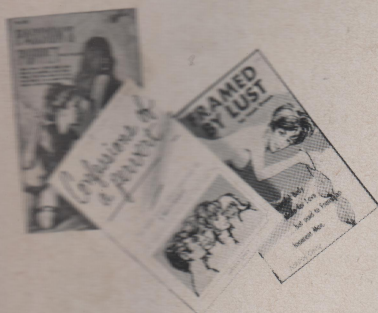
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A little Mexican peon.

Judge: I'm sorry, Mrs. Basham, your daughter is only 15 . . . I can't issue her a marriage license.

Mama: Judge, do you mean my daughter's too young to do what she's already done?



★ ★ ★

When I got married 30 years ago it looked good enough to eat . . . now it looks like it's going to eat me . . .

★ ★ ★

An old pro was standing on the corner teaching a young pro how to get men to talk to her. A man came by and the old pro said, "Hello, there, Standing Bull!" The man stopped and said, "What do you mean by that?" The old pro replied, "I remember it's standing all the time!" The man said, "True, but I'm real busy right now . . . I'll come back later." After he'd gone, the old pro told the young one, "See, you say something to get them to talk back!" Then a very old man came along and the old pro said, "Hello, Old Grand Dad!" The young pro said, "I thought Old Grand Dad is a liquor," and the old pro said, "You are SO right!"



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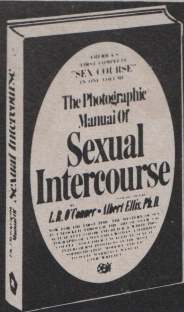
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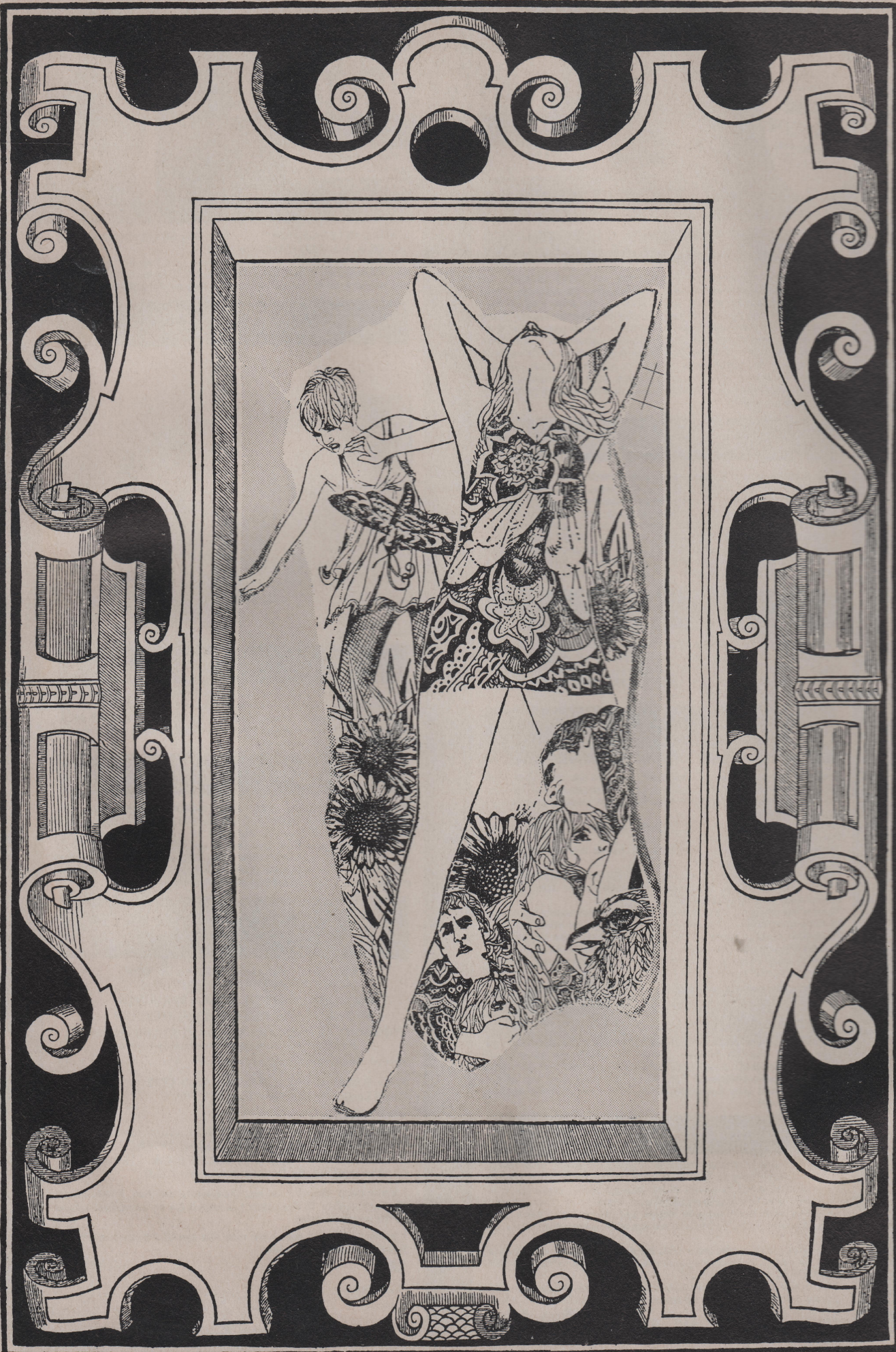
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# GIRL WATCHING- CALIFORNIA STYLE

*By Peter Knox*

Boogaloo...

Jerk...

Frug...

So announces the neon sign at the side of the road, looming up like an impulse in the car's headlights. Your eye catches the further come-on — "Dancing Nightly to the Orbital Music of the Orbiteers."

And beneath this, a smaller sign says: "Curviest Barmaids in Town!"

And that does it. You pull across the graveled expanse of parking lot,

kill the engine and crunch your way toward the entrance.

It's not exactly the Coconut Grove, but then, who's there to pick up the architecture? As you enter, the big beat slams against your ears, then through, and beyond to the outside night. It's raw! Primitive! Moving! Not exactly Mozart, but exactly what you're looking for.

Those big amplified guitars can really do a laceration job on the ear drums in that smoke-filled room. But the crowd, moving through the





## GIRL WATCHING- CALIFORNIA STYLE



blue-grey swirling cigarette smoke looks groovy, and mostly young. Still, there's several shining domes to be spotted in the surging crowd.

Up on the bandstand, three guitarists, a saxophonist and a drummer are creating the din. It's a beat that belts and rocks in an almost brutal intensity, and they shake with it, these musicians do, their shoulder-length hair swinging from their shoulders. The three guitarists are holding their weapons from the hip, swinging them like traversing machine gunners across the front of the crowd.

The postage stamp floor in front of them holds eight or nine gyrating couples frenzied by the sounds, moving to some tribal dance of unbridled sound-lust.

One of the girls, a blonde, is the focus of attention as she does things with her body that makes people watch and consider impure images. Her competitor seems to be a well-stacked brunette whose micro-skirt rides high — extremely high — around her slim, jolting hips.

You find a small table. Then the waitress appears, stylishly dressed in a skin-tight black leotard, black fishnet stockings of hip length, and high heels. She heads back to the bar with your order, and you realize that Napoleon's retreat from Mos-

cow had nothing on this kind of rear guard action as you watch her move. That sign out front wasn't kidding.

This is a fairly typical scene in any West Coast A-Go-Go club, of which there are hundreds. They sprung up about ten years ago, when a swivel-hipped guitarist with side burns and a southern accent called himself Elvis Presley and began getting noticed through the manipulations of his manager, the famed "Colonel."

Then an overweight youth who could shout well enough to make it sound like singing, added to the boom. That would be Chubby Checkers, and he started the Twist. It was a teenage tribal dance, and held the frowning attention of adults, because of the suggestive hip movements. It was "hip" in more ways than one! And after awhile, the oldsters made it their own thing.

They took it across the ocean on the liners, and in Paris, the French thought that it could be fully enjoyed only if the participant were properly dressed in something allowing for freer bodily movement. So the "discotheque" dress came into being, a free-flowing garment on non-restrictive qualities.

The "Disco" dress bounced back

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across the waters, and in New York's Arthur's, and The Peppermint Lounge became the focal point for these dances in this kind of dress.

And it created a whole new army of girl watchers. The view from ringside was terrific!

*Watching* girls twist soon became as popular as doing it yourself. A good twister has an eager audience averaging ten males per single, swinging girl. She can learn the art in a matter of weeks, whereas a good ballet dancer must spend years for the same kind (same kind?) of attention.

The only difference between the Twist of 1962 and the Watusi of 1965 is that there are about twenty times more girls doing it.

Right now the Parisian "discotheque" fashions have been replaced, in the main, by come-as-you-are attire. The disco dress never really caught on outside of several major cities, because the average secretary found it limited, therefore impractical.

The greatest variety of dress styles for the A-Go-Go craze can be found in California, noted for its casual outlook in dressing, or undressing. But San Francisco is the one exception on the California scene.

The gals who jive at the Galaxie Club are still, for the most part, firm believers in skirts, well-gartered nylons and high heels.

You cannot say the same for the Southland. In Los Angeles and the surrounding environs, anything goes. A gal can watusi in an evening dress at a swank hotel, or watusi in a bikini at the Rag Doll, depending upon her mood, and where she was earlier in the evening.

But the favorite attire in the Southland for the A-Go-Go night

scene seems to be capris and boots. Skirts and nylons are becoming something of a rarity.

It makes you wonder if girl watching shouldn't really be called "hip-watching." It's more in the spirit of what's happening as the crowds both dancing and watching grow nightly across the nation from the cacophonious sounding point of Southern California.

Of course in one sense, everybody, who claims title to being a "girl watcher" is also a "hip watcher".

In this case, hip has two meanings. It also means he is "hip" to what's happening. But unfortunately, the pleasure of seeing a gleaming, golden-clad leg sheathed in silky smooth nylon is becoming a thing of the past, and girl watchers are the poorer for losing this sight of femininity. The view is replaced by the most obviously stressed features of a girl wearing ultra-tight pants. And there's no "butts" about that!

Dances such as the frug, watusi and the jerk have very limited foot movement, but wild and wanton hip action.

The veteran girl watchers remember the 1940's with a certain nostalgia. That was the heyday of ballroom acrobatics and high flying hemlines. The result was gorgeous vistas of toe to top girl-viewing. But the modern dance forms combine with form-fitting capris to show the agility of a girl's hips rather than a dazzling display of legwork.

Things are such that for good old fashioned girl watching, more can be seen by watching the waitresses than watching the watusi enthusiasts. The waitresses really fill the bill, not to mention the hosiery, and the leotards.

They're far removed from the time when barmaids wore white

blouses, black skirts and sneakers. The girls seem to like the new "uniform of the day," and we haven't heard complaints from the male customers yet.

When the new, brief costumes for waitresses started, some of these girls didn't like the change, so they quit. But within six months, when the resignees saw that the trend was going to grow, they realized they'd better get with it or get out of the field, according to several bar owners.

A club owner in San Francisco last year advertised for waitresses willing to "...wear leotards and tights." He needed four waitresses. Five hundred answered the ad!

What do the girls think of their costumes?

"At first I was leery of it. I had so much leg showing, like up to my hips! But when I got used to it, it became a gas. And so did the tips!" says one such girl.

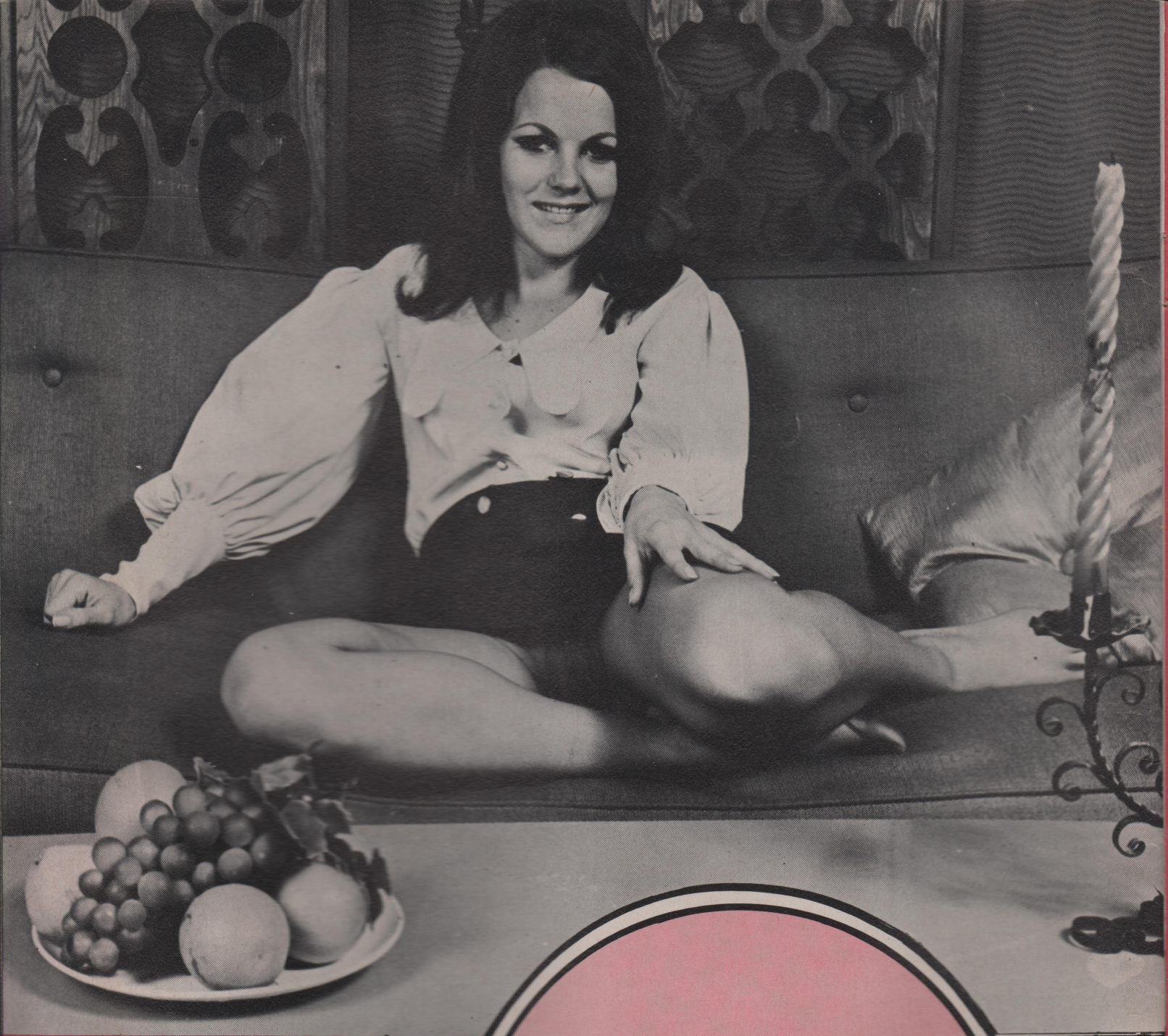
Waitress-watching, it seems, rivals girl watching in the A-Go-Go places, especially for the guy who is convinced that girls were born to be placed inside sheer, hip-length hose.

But for whatever reason you take in the scene, be it to dig the girls frugging fat away, or the waitresses swivel-hipping to your table, there's plenty on the videoguide for both.

And whichever your bag, girl watching is the kind of game where nobody can lose — and who knows what you might gain if your savoir faire matches the sincerity of your appreciation.







Sunflower





Susie has always liked a Sunflower as a symbol. On the walls of her apartment are not only posters of 'rock' singers — from Dylan to the Beatles. There is also a reprint from Van Gogh's famous Sunflower.

"I know Van Gogh was kind of different —, after all he did chop off his ear and send it to his girl-friend, didn't he?" For a moment it looked as though Susie was confused.













"Sure — right tooting, he did!  
That was Van Gogh — which  
makes him kinda groovey,  
man, know that?"

Susie went on speaking. "I  
like to be different. Why every  
girl in this world really ought  
to want to be different. That's  
why I wear my boots. I even  
wear them in bed, some times.  
I don't go kicking people with  
them, of course, but they're so

comfy, and besides—it's such  
a hell of a struggle getting the  
darned things laced up again.

"My boy-friends? They don't  
mind. I got understanding fel-  
lows, you know. They know  
the type of girl and they go for  
all these groovey things." Su-  
sie blinked, then smiled. "Why



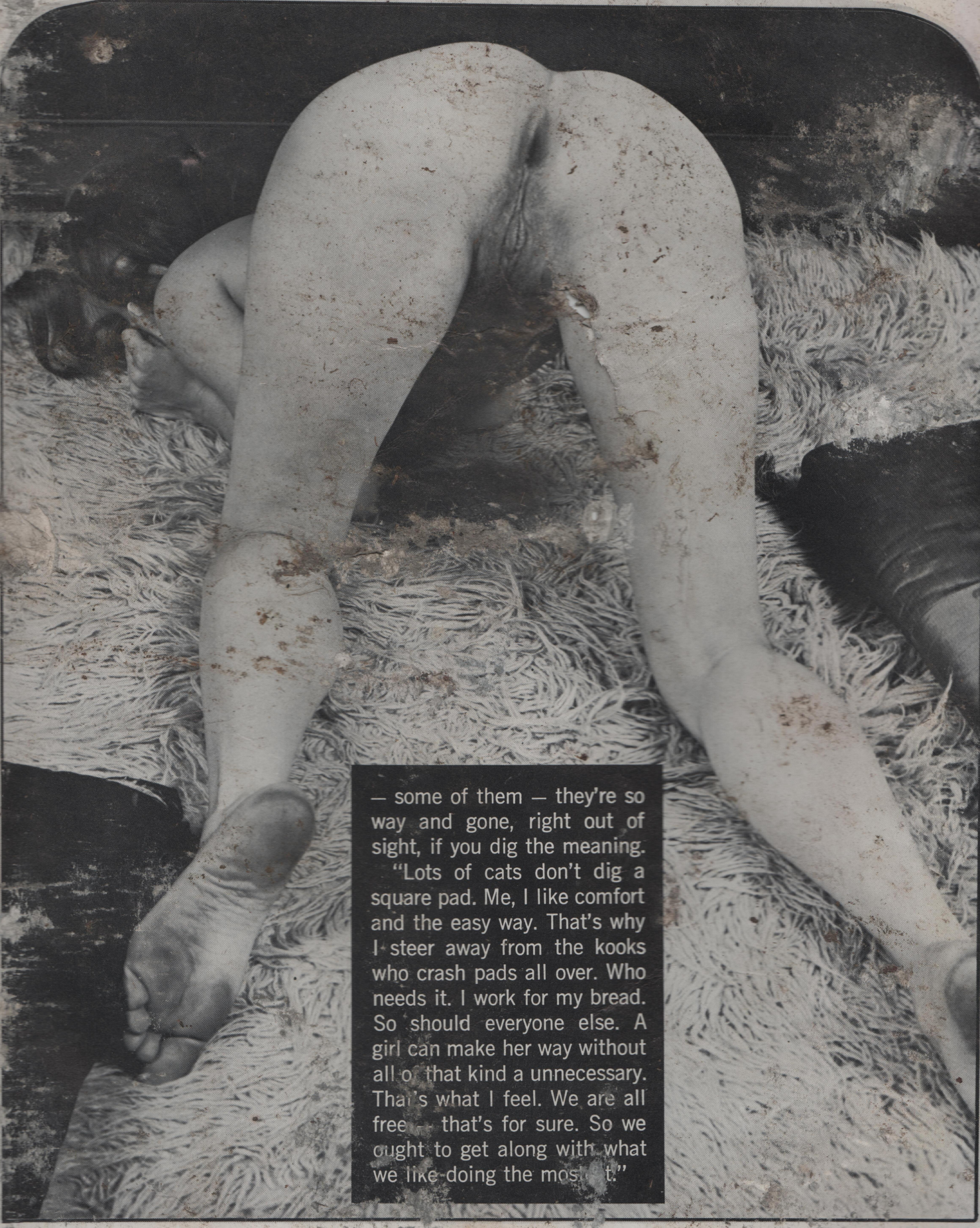












— some of them — they're so  
way and gone, right out of  
sight, if you dig the meaning.

"Lots of cats don't dig a  
square pad. Me, I like comfort  
and the easy way. That's why  
I steer away from the kooks  
who crash pads all over. Who  
needs it. I work for my bread.  
So should everyone else. A  
girl can make her way without  
all of that kind a unnecessary.  
That's what I feel. We are all  
free — that's for sure. So we  
ought to get along with what  
we like doing the most. It."



